

The History of

Harry to Harry, shal not horse to horse
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of it.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?

Ver. I o thirry thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower, being both away,

The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Com let vs take a muster speedily,

Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
sacke, our souldiers shal march through, Weele to Sutton cop
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Capitaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
ty, take them all, Ile auwere the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Capitaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowst gurnet, I
haue misused the Kings preste damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150 souldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I presse mee
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchellers, such as had bene askt twice on the
banes, such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare
the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier,
worfe the a throok foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, prest me none
but such tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and
now

Henrie the

now my whole charge consists
tenants, gentleme of companie
in the painted cloth, where the
and such as indeed were neuer
seruing me, yonger sons to yonger
& Ostlers trade false, the cank
peace, ten times more dishonour
ancient, and such haue I to fill
bought out their seruices, the
hundred and fifty tottered pro
keeping, from eating draffe &
on the way, and told me I had
the dead bodies. No eie hath
march through Couentry wit
villaines march wide betwixt
for indeed, I had the most of t
shirt and a halfe in al my comp
napkins tack't together, and
a Heralds coate without sleeu
stolne from my host at S. Albo
Dauntry, but that's al one, the
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the

Prin. How now, blowne fa

Fal. What, Hal? how now, in
in Warwickshire? My good Lie
cie, I thought your honor had

W. St. Faith, sir Iohn, 'tis me
you too, but my powers are r
you, lookes for vs all, we must

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me.
Creame.

Prin. I think to steale Crea
ready made thee butter: butt
these that come after.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such p

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough

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